

FUN AND DEVOTION GO SIDE BY SIDE IN PARADE

Women of Rank and File Tell
Why They Brave Cold for
Suffrage.

INSPIRED BY A CAUSE
One Little Shop Girl Would
Have Loved to Ride a
White Horse.

Rich women and poor, old women and young, college girls, shop girls, hired girls, school girls, just plain—and pretty—home girls, thousands of them, marched side by side last night inspired by devotion to a cause.

It was evident that they must have been inspired by something at any rate. So THE SUN tried to find out just what that "something" was in individual cases. A dozen or more women, taken at

of the Era Club, which is organized for suffrage, and did finally get a separate court for children. I came out of it a hardened suffragist. And though I don't belong to any organization here I march to help by the addition of my one little self to the crowd.

"I've been at the manure's to-day and I asked her whether she was for suffrage. She tossed her head in scorn. She allowed as how woman's place was in the home."

"Then why aren't you at home yourself?" I asked.

"Oh—why—I haven't got any!" she said.

"And there you are. I gave her something to think about, that manure."

The marching companion of Mrs. Palmer wouldn't give her name. But she said:

"I'm married and I have an ideal home. And if all women were in the same situation I should say there would be no need of suffrage. But they're not. I march because I think working women, as well as women who have property or who are in business, need the vote and I want to help them get it. Both my husband and I are for suffrage for just that reason."

A young woman who gave her name as Miss Winzola Brown said she was a suffragist on principle, and also because she was "brought upon it."

"But I should have been one anyway!" she declared.

Then there was Miss Elsa Bowman. When she was asked why she marched, she said: "Well, the first time I did it I marched because I thought it was a

marking. And all the way I kept saying: 'Ten new States! Ten new States!'

She broke off with a fine imitation of a rebel yell as the Brooklyn division saluted the reviewing stand and two college girls behind her shrieked out a warwhoop, made particularly effective by tapping the mouth with the hand during the yell.

Mrs. Laidlaw wasn't a bit more enthusiastic than the rest. At her side stood Dr. Anna Shaw, clad in cap and gown and leaning far out over the rail of the porch to shout praise or a new battle cry to the marchers.

"Don't you walk?" she said, shaking her gray hair back and smiling, "of course I did, every step of the way," and then she told how, when she was in San Francisco, everybody kept commenting on how young she looked and how it puzzled her until she learned that a local paper had said she was 99.

"It was a wonderful crowd that saw this demonstration," Dr. Shaw continued. "The only trouble was that people couldn't distinguish faces, and so there wasn't the applause there would have been if individuals could have been more easily recognized."

"Perhaps people recognized me more easily because I've talked so much," she added with a laugh, and continued: "The thing that struck me was that the whole attitude of those who came out to see us was one of respect. It's so everywhere now that the movement is becoming

neat, the First Star in the East," passed by. Down at the other end of the platform Mrs. Herbert Carpenter, the State leader, was performing a suffrage dance and cheering for everybody. No one seemed in the least fatigued by the long march, and enthusiasm grew during every minute of the hour that it took the parade to pass.

But the real big noise was reserved for the Men's League and the Socialist divisions. The women on the reviewing stand got off a real locomotive yell for those divisions. Just as the Socialist division was passing Charles Edward Russell, the Socialist candidate for Governor, appeared. Perhaps others are on the same boat. If the courts don't put them in jail for a year or don't fine them \$500 it will be because they are lenient or because Mr. Perkins and Mr. Ridder are not brought to task or because the law doesn't mean what it appears to say.

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On the other hand, it was pointed out that "contributions to political committees" as that term is defined in section 1 of the election law was the phrase used in the section.

It appeared that the Progressive National Committee would come under the meaning of this section. Dr. May's income from surgical work amounts to nearly half a million dollars a year.

The other speakers were Mrs. Henry Villard, a granddaughter of William Lloyd Garrison, and Miss Martha Wentworth Sufferin. Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw, president.

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AN EARLY INSPECTION IS RESPECTFULLY INVITED

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Attention is directed to our superior assortments of
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FAILLE FRANCAISE—36 inch. Latest Fall colorings for Evening and Street wear. 1.75 per yd.

FAILLE FRANCAISE—32 inch. Latest Fall colorings for Evening and Street wear. 2.50 per yd.

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SATIN BROCADES (Imported)—In a variety of designs and colorings for Evening and Street wear. Formerly \$1.50 to \$6.50. 1.00 to 4.50

Silk and Chiffon Waists

New and Effective Models

CHARMEUSE WAISTS—Hand embroidered; fine shadow lace trimming. Regular price \$25.00. 19.75

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CHIFFON CLOTH WAISTS—Lace Yoke and Cuffs. Regular price \$16.50. 11.75

CHIFFON CLOTH WAISTS—White and fancy collar and pippings. Regular price \$17.75. 8.50

CHIFFON WAISTS—Embroidered front in self-colors; net yoke. Regular price \$7.50. 5.00

SPECIAL SALE OF
Fine Silk Petticoats

Latest models adapted to present dress requirements.

CREPE DE CHINE PETTICOATS, bias fold pleatings or lace rosette trimmed, colors and black. Reg. \$6.00 and \$7.00. 4.50, 5.00

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WOOL JERSEY TOP PETTICOATS—black only. Regularly \$5.00. 3.75

Household and Decorative Linens for Thanksgiving

High grade qualities of Fine Satin Damask Cloths and Napkins in new and exclusive designs much below the regular prices.

TABLE CLOTHS 22 yards—Value \$7.50 and \$10.00. 6.00, 8.50

" " 22 1/2 " " 9.50 " 12.00. 7.50, 9.50

" " 22 3/4 " " 12.00 " 16.00. 9.00, 12.50

" " 24 1/2 " " 13.00 " 18.00. 10.00, 14.00

" " 24 3/4 " " 15.00 " 21.00. 12.00, 17.00

NAPKINS TO MATCH " 8.50 " 14.00 doz. 6.50, 10.00

AFTERNOON TEA NAPKINS—scallop edge and fine Madeira embroidery. Value \$8.50 dozen. 6.00

SCALLOPED DAMASK DOILIES—Value \$7.50 dozen. 5.00

DAMASK CLOTHS for side and serving tables, scalloped or hemstitched. Values \$2.50 to \$3.75 each. 1.75, 2.00, 2.50

Novelty Dress Fabrics

Special offering of 1500 yards this season's most fashionable fabrics, 44 to 54 inch, including Velour de Laine, English Tailor Suits, Fancy Cheviots, Bordered Cheviots and Bengalines—Regularly \$3.00 to \$4.50 yard. 1.50 and 1.75

TAILOR CHEVIOTS, 50 inch, Black and Navy. Regularly \$2.65 yard. 1.25

Broadway & 19th Street

TO HONOR CONFEDERATE DEAD, \$28,000,000 IN POSTAL SAVINGS.

Nearly 300,000 Depositors Listed—Can Buy Bonds Before Dec. 2.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—Postal savings deposits now aggregate \$28,000,000 in the United States, according to a statement of the Post Office Department issued to-day. Notice was issued by the Department that depositors who wish to convert their savings into postal savings bonds before the end of the present year must advise postmasters of their intention by December 2.

The \$28,000,000 now on deposit has been put in by 290,000 individuals, making an average of \$86. The system is operated in 12,734 post offices, including 644 branch offices and stations.

Banks to the number of 7,357 are qualified to receive postal savings funds.

HUDSON BAY SPECIAL

Marmot Coat \$80 Value \$175

Monday Only

A species of the mink family, guaranteed by us to outwear any other fur (even sealskin); worked like mink, looks like mink; deep, mink-like border; all sizes; special \$80; value \$175.

HUDSON BAY CO.

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PHILIPPINES MAY BE FREE.

Congress Will Act on Their Bill at December Session.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—Although passage of appropriation bills precludes much general legislation during the coming session of Congress, it was learned to-day that the Democrats are pledged to certain action this winter upon two important and vexatious measures—amendment of the immigration laws and Philippine independence.

Pledges in white and black are in the hands of House leaders for early consideration of the Dillingham-Burnett immigration bill and the Jones Philippine bill, the latter by Representative Jones of Virginia, chairman of the House Insular Affairs Committee, granting limited franchise, independence and an assembly to the Filipinos.

Both of these bills were sidetracked last summer. The immigration measure met opposition because of a proposed literacy test for immigrants.

RIDDER AND PERKINS GAVE MORE THAN LAW ALLOWS

Jail May Yawn in Vain, However, for the Two Candidates for Elector.

Jail, if those who were thumbing the election law on campaign contributions yesterday interpreted pertinent sections in the State law aright, is a possibility for Herman Ridder, Democratic Presidential elector, and George W. Perkins, who was on the Progressive ticket for the same place. Perhaps others are in the same boat. If the courts don't put them in jail for a year or don't fine them \$500 it will be because they are lenient or because Mr. Perkins and Mr. Ridder are not brought to task or because the law doesn't mean what it appears to say.

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HONOR SURGICAL SPECIALISTS.

University Club of Brooklyn Has Jolly "Physicians' Night."

The University Club of Brooklyn observed "Physicians' Night" yesterday by entertaining at dinner at the club house on Oxford street some of the leading surgical specialists in the country and one from England. The guests are delegates to the Clinical Congress of the Surgeons of North America, which is to hold 965 clinics in this city and in Brooklyn during this week.

The guest of honor was Dr. William J. Mayo of Rochester, Minn., the specialist in abdominal surgery, to whose clinic the surgeons of the world flock for suggestions. It is said that Dr. Mayo's income from surgical work amounts to nearly half a million dollars a year.

The other specialists at the speakers' table were Dr. John B. Murphy of Chicago, the physician who attended Col. Roosevelt after he was shot; W. Arthur Lane of London, fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons and professor of surgery at Guy's Hospital Medical School; Dr. Edward Martin of Philadelphia, who is to preside over the Clinical Congress; Dr. George C. Coffey of Portland, Ore.; and Dr. Albert J. Cheuse of Chicago.

In introducing Dr. Mayo Edward W. McMahon, president of the University Club of Brooklyn, the toastmaster, said: "Dr. Mayo is the man who knows. His clinic is the Mecca for the surgeons of the world."

Dr. Mayo got an ovation. He spoke about "The Medical School of the Northwest," mentioning especially the Minnesota State University.

Dr. Murphy did not mention the name of his distinguished patient although he got all kinds of bantering encouragement before he started to speak. He talked about "Intensive Medical Culture."

Mr. Lane, Dr. Coffey and Dr. Crill also spoke.

CHAUFFEURS WILL NOT STRIKE.

Higher Wages for Non-union Men Avert Trouble.

A strike of the 800 chauffeurs of the New York Taxicab Company, which has been threatened for some weeks, has been averted by the company increasing wages. The chauffeurs of this company are non-union men, and if they had struck it would not have been under the auspices of the chauffeurs' union.

The wages as increased give the men \$2.75 a day for twelve hours work, and \$2.30 a day for ten hours work.

It is also reported that 1,500 union chauffeurs employed by twelve taxicab companies have secured union agreements with the companies. They provide that the chauffeurs be paid \$2.50 a day for twelve hours, with an hour off for dinner and that the chauffeurs will have their uniforms free.

TACKLE RUNAWAY IN AUTO.

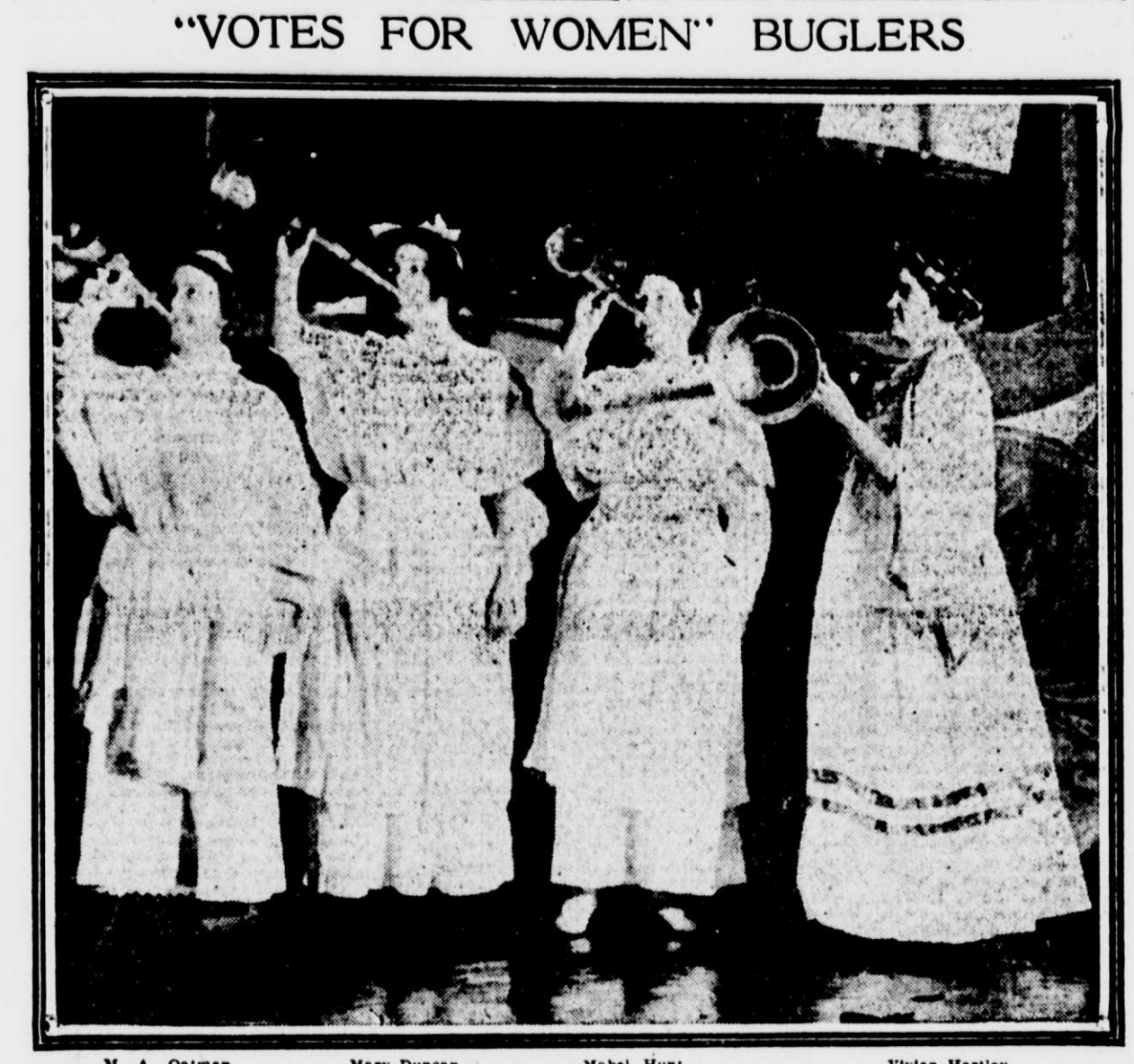
Harvard Students Stop Team Tearing Through Boston Streets.

BOSTON, Nov. 9.—William M. Wood, Jr., son of the president of the American Woolen Company, and Nelson Slater, son of the late Horatio N. Slater, the woolen manufacturer of Webster, both of whom are students at Harvard, were out in a high powered automobile last night when a team of horses attached to a coupe started on a run from in front of the Hotel Touraine. The horses dashed up Boylston street through Berkeley square and counterbalanced in front of the cottage, where the leaders had now gathered.

The crowd that the plaza grew with every minute and presently the hard working police had difficulty in clearing a lane for the marchers. A quick witted division marshal solved the difficulty by turning the line straight in for the cottage so that the women on the impromptu reviewing stand could lean down and tell everybody how very well everybody had done. By that time Mrs. Laidlaw had taken up the duties of cheer leader and the crowd was responding to her enthusiasm. From a silent respect the audience had passed into active participation, and every division got a big hand as it swung past the cottage porch. The leaders saluting with banner staff or lantern and shouting back the war cry of "Four more States!"

At 9:30 o'clock the north side of the square was massed with people. Bands followed bands in quick succession, and the steady tramp of the marchers was lost amid the increasing volume of shrill cheers.

Mrs. Laidlaw threatened that for neck piece with destruction as the College League saluted, and a moment later was doing a war whoop with the Connecticut marchers, with a transparency that said "Con-



M. A. Oatman. Mary Duncan. Mabel Hunt. Vivian Hartley.

random, were asked why they were willing to tramp two miles or more on a cold windy night, at the risk of annoyance and with the certainty of discomfort.

It wasn't the well known leaders to whom the question was put. It was the women of the rank and file. And not a single answer given here is faked. These are real persons, even to the little shop girl who remarked that Napoleon rode a white horse, and added with a laugh, "He rode it to his Waterloo—but we won't!"

Two young girls who were marching together and who might be supposed to have a pretty vague idea of why they were doing it, at all proved on the contrary to have a decidedly concrete reason. They were Washington Irving High School girls. They said they were marching because they believed in suffrage.

"But why do you want it?"

"Because we've got the right to it," said one, who gave her name as Anna Polstein. "That's one reason. Another is that we need it. I'm taking the commercial course in school and in a year or two I'll be going to work. I want something to say about making the laws I've got to work under. I'm marching to-night to help out the 'olders,' but I'm thinking of my 'youngsters' too."

The other one said she was Sarah Saunders. Said Sarah: "I'm marching because I want to vote when I'm old enough. I want to because we've got just as much right to as the men have. They always get the best of us."

Another girl, this time in the college section, who was so pretty and so young and so small that one couldn't help noticing her, said she was Elizabeth Thomas and that she is a student at Columbia.

"Why am I for suffrage?" she repeated.

"Because I think it will be good for the working women."

"But you're not a working woman."

"Not now, but I probably will be. And anyway there are millions who are."

One young woman who balked at giving her name, but finally said it was Wells, had so many reasons for the faith that was in her that she had hard work picking out the most vital ones.

"I'm a working woman. That's one reason," she said. "My mother and I pay taxes. That's another. And here's another. I, with a good many other women in my Assembly district, have been working with all our might for the Progressive party. And the men have taken all the time and work and money we could give and have been glad to get it."

"But now, with the election over, what do they do? Nothing but call a district meeting for to-night! The one night when if they wanted to show some real appreciation of our help they might have done it by joining in our parade. But no! We aren't good for votes! We're only good for work."

Two other young women who were marching side by side had rather interesting explanations of how they came to be there. Both were young, both pretty. One said she was Mrs. Alice Palmer.

"Why I'm marching because I'm strong for suffrage," she said. "And queerly enough I was converted to it down in New Orleans. While I was living there I did a lot of social betterment work. In the course of it I found that the laws affecting women were absolutely unjust. In Louisiana, in Texas, in many of the Southern States, a woman hasn't the right even to the money she earns herself. Her husband can collect every cent of it. And she had to look up with drinks and all the raffish of crime. My husband didn't like the idea of my going to a court where these grown criminals are tried—and I didn't like it myself. But I said to him:

"Well, if it isn't a fit place for me, it certainly can't be a fit place for those kind of

duty. This time I'm going because it is such fun. If you haven't experienced the thrill of joining in a great demonstration with thousands of other enthusiastic women all around you it may seem queer to be told it is fun. But it is. It's better than fun."

Miss Florence Foote said she was marching this time to give thanks. She was so full of joy over the new suffrage States that she didn't need any other reasons for marching, though she had plenty of them.

"Then there was a particularly aristocratic looking young person who quite simply said she was Mrs. Halstead Lindsay of Colorado. She and her companion, Miss Lucy Brown, agreed promptly that they were marching because it was "such fun."

"You don't know how exhilarating it is," said Mrs. Lindsay, "after a lot of obscure and tedious routine work that doesn't seem to get anywhere, to go out under a lot of flags and with bands and banners. Why, one can march miles without feeling the slightest fatigue. Then you go back to address the suffrage envelopes with renewed zest."

"It's perfectly true," said Miss Brown, "that it is fun to march. But you mustn't think that's our only reason. Everybody's heard them a million times, though. And it isn't everybody that knows how much thrilling pleasure there is in being in the parade."

"And, by the way, next year there will be more excitement than ever. I'm studying at one of the art schools here. Last year when I happened to mention suffrage the only response was a scornful giggle. This year three girls sitting near me said they were for it with all their might."

"And there was Mamie Holland. Mamie was just a wrapper in a department store until the other day lightning struck Mamie in the shape of a promotion to the position of cashier. It sounds big, but it isn't quite so big as it sounds. Mamie gets as much as \$5 a week."

"But no matter! Mamie's mighty keen for suffrage. And she's got her reasons. The first one she could remember (being taken sort of by surprise and rather bowled over, as it were, by being asked her convictions) was that she wanted to vote when she gets old enough, because she wants street cars with low steps, "so that a little thing like I am can get on."

"Men don't care what becomes of us little girls," declared Mamie. "They've got long legs and can climb on to those high steps all right. What do they care about us?"

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WAR WHOOPS AND SPEECHES

Parade Welcomed at Union Square by Mrs. Laidlaw and Much Noise.

A slim woman all in white danced excitedly on the porch of the cottage on the north side of Union Square last night, swinging her white fur boa about her white hat and leading the Indian war whoop with which the crowd greeted the suffrage parade as it swung through Seventeenth street from Fifth avenue and passed in review. She was Mrs. Harriet Burton Laidlaw, chairman of the central parade committee, and the moving spirit of the great march.

In the intervals of applauding the divisions Mrs. Laidlaw found breath to exclaim over the reception which the great crowds along the line of march had given the votes for women troops.

"It was glorious," she said. "We didn't mind the distance. I can still feel the inspiration of the stamp and go of the